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Burney del Fittler R.A. Sculp.

'Tis noon — the vertic sun intensely glows.

Pleasures of Nature. Line 25.

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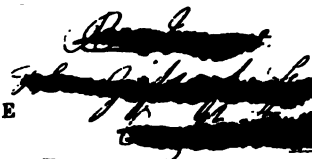

THE

PLEASURES

OF

NATURE;

OR,

THE CHARMS OF RURAL LIFE.

WITH OTHER POEMS.

BY

DAVID CAREY.

O Nature, how in every charm supreme!
Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new!
O for the voice and fire of seraphim,
To sing thy glories with devotion due!
Blest be the day I 'scap'd the wrangling crew,
From Pyrrho's maze, and Epicurus' sty,
And held high converse with the godlike few,
Who to th' enraptur'd heart, and ear, and eye,
Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody. *Beattie.*

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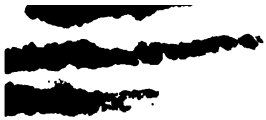
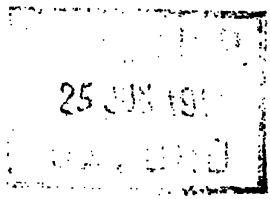
1803.




25 JUN 19

PREFACE.

Bold is the stripling, and unwise,
On whom nor Fortune ever smil'd,
Nor he Muse look'd with partial eyes,
Nor Science shed her day-spring mild.

Who leaves afar those walks, where, born
To love and peace, he us'd to stray,
And hail'd with many a hymn the morn,
With many a vesper ev'ning grey;

And, by romantic vision led,
Far from those haunts, unknown to strife,
Presumes, without a friend, to tread
The rough, uneven path of life;

And in the daring of his mind,
Though Wealth, nor Power, nor Science smile,
No guide, no patron seeks to find,
But artless Nature all the while.

Him should the thirst of glory lead,
The Minstrels' calling to essay,
Who will not mock his rural reed?
Who will not scorn his simple lay?

Yet go, effusions of the heart!
Go forth, O ye of Nature born!
Virtue and Truth need fear no dart,
Launch'd by the hand of Pride or Scorn.

The parent thus, to wander wide,
Resigns the darling of his years,
With all a father's doting pride,
With all a father's tender fears.

" Then go;" methinks I hear him say,
" If thine true merit to possess,
For thee shall Honour twine the bay,
And joy thy father's heart shall bless.

" But if thy breast for their abode
No virtues chuse, but passions wild,
I'll bless the hand that wields the rod,
And punishes to *mend* my child."

London.
May 22, 1803.

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THE

PLEASURES OF NATURE;

OR, THE

CHARMS OF RURAL LIFE.

THE

PLEASURES OF NATURE;

OR, THE

CHARMS OF RURAL LIFE.

PART I.

1

NATURE, thy charms let other men forego;
Thy paths of peace, enamel'd all with flowers;
Thy greenwoods gay, where sweetest warblings flow;
Thy wild walks, where the misty mountain towers;
And hie to where the cloud of battle lowers,
And Havoc, purple wing'd, o'ershades the path:
In Glory's wild pursuit strain all their powers,
And chace the phantom to the gates of Death;
What time Ambition pours the vial of her wrath:

Meanness of court flattery.

2

Or dance attendance at the proud divan,
And, prostrate, at the feet of Fortune fall:
For man will worship thus his fellow man,
And lick the dust, and at his footstool crawl:
Will, when the hopes of gain his soul enthral,
Nor scorn to fawn, to flatter, or betray;
But stifle in his breast the tender call
Of Conscience, and with flowers bestrew the way
That leads to endless woe, and darkness and dismay.

3

O! is there, Nature, in thy widest range,
That boasts the breath of life from gracious Heav'n,
And man's similitude, that would exchange
Thy pure delights, for all that wealth has given?
From the bright train that gems the brow of Even,
His gaze averting, far away could start,
To watch and worship, by wild passions driven,
Their image glittering near a villain's heart,
And tread, with such, the rounds of infamy and art?

Detestation of a venal character.

4

If such there be—though Fortune loves to fling,
Where'er he roves, the sunshine of her smile;
Though his be many a title, many a string,
And his the wreath that crowns the warrior's toil;
O never, never, let the Muse defile
Her virgin purity, and bow the knee,
And with her incense cloud the shrine of Guile,
Too prodigal of immortality,
But stampt her stigma deep—eternal Infamy!

5

For me—when I this primrose path resign,
Round which the balmy-breathing south wind plays;
Where the wild bees their honied sweets refine,
And murmur soft their little fairy lays:
When with a lover's eye I cease to gaze
On Nature's charms, though rob'd in simple stole,
For Pomp, for Honour's meretricious blaze,
May Joy desert the Seasons as they roll,
And Pleasure ever be a stranger to my soul!

Morning walk in Spring.

6

When buxom Spring leads on the laughing hours,
A victor in his turn, with garlands crown'd,
And twines his wreath of odorif'rous flowers,
In every green and humid grove around;
While on the rapt ear bursts the choral sound
Of melody, pour'd from unnumber'd throats,
As Zephyr wafts far o'er the dewy ground,
By distance mellow'd, the mellifluent notes
Of Shepherd horn, that in the morning breezes floats;

7

At that sweet hour of prime, let it be mine,
From pure, refreshing slumbers to awake,
And spurn the couch of Indolence supine,
Whose blood still boils, whose temples ever ache;
The damps, the dreams, that stupify, forsake,
And tread with rosy Health the dews of morn,
The spicy gale, that wafts perfume, partake,
Or breathe the fragrance of the blossom'd thorn,
Or list the vernal airs that in each breeze are borne.

The dawn—Morning occupations.

8

To Nature's beauties feelingly alive,
Or, be it mine to scale the green hill's side,
While yet the day and night for empire strive,
And mark the bright-hair'd Sun rise to decide
The doubtful strife, and scattering far and wide
The envious shades that would dominion hold,
Still pour of light th' unconquerable tide,
As up the skies his flaming car is roll'd,
That tips the mountain tops with imitative gold.

9

Mark how the virgin Lilies of the vale
Delight to flaunt it in the sunny beam,
And on the bank their fragrant soul exhale,
And bend to kiss the softly-lapsing stream;
How fair the sky-woven purple Violets seem,
Washed in the tears that Morning loves to shed;
Nor once the modest, humble Cowslips deem
Unworthy of remark, as soft they spread
Their bosoms to the ray, and cups of glowing red.

10

And then, what luxury of bliss to hear
The Blackbird's song, that melts along the grove;
The tiny pipe of Linnet warbling clear;
The bleat of Lambs, and voice of cooing Dove!
The Sky-lark's carrol, as he soars above,
And leaves the woodmoss for his airy round;
The merry Milkmaid's madrigals, that prove
A heart where love and innocence abound;
True to each vernal sight, true to each vernal sound.

11

Thence, borne aloft on Fancy's wing of fire,
Think what far realms in Nature's smile rejoice;
Think how the glad Lapponian smites his lyre,
Rude harping in the hamlet of his choice,
And, giving all his heart, he tunes his voice
To themes where Nature lives along the line,
Now roams in thought, where the gaunt wolf annoys,
Now in his oary shallop laves the brine,
That her he loves may smile, and in his trophies shine.

The season relenting.

12

At last, behold the Emanation break
With dazling brightness on th' astonish'd eye;
And first, 'tis seen with purple light to streak
Yon frozen mass, that mingles with the sky:
Sudden, the mazy streams disdain to lie
Inactive; now the wizzard spell is broke;
Once more are heard the tones of harmony,
Warbling, where garlands bind the knotted oak,
And verdure springs once more to clothe the naked rock.

13

A joy that wakes the pulses of his heart,
As sudden bids the native leave his shed,
And on the rapid wings of Love depart;
Lo! o'er the ice his rein deer drag the sled
With feet of wind, his fancy highly fed
With the delicious banquet of her charms;
Ev'n now, by rapt anticipation led,
He thinks he fondly folds her in his arms;
Meanwhile he sings the joy that all his bosom warms.

14

"My Rein Deer! ye that from the desert came,
Now give your airy spirits to the wind,
The father of the tempest you shall shame,
The lightning's lagging pinion leave behind;
My Annea's hands with flowers your brows shall bind,
If, ere the night, we reach her blest abode.
Then, swift as thoughts' fleet passage o'er the mind,
Scour, viewless, our immeasurable road,
For day is short, and short the way we yet have trod.

15

" And, lo! the valleys fade upon the sight!
Unheard, now, is the icy torrent's roar,
The Hill of Storms sinks, like his ghosts, in night,
And the brown forest now is seen no more.
Soon, soon, our am'rous journey shall be o'er,
The coursers of the sun, to drink the dew
Shall not descend; nor my deer tire, before
They give my Annea's beauties to my view,
And, on her snowy breast, I bid the world adieu."

View of Britain—its advantages—The plough-boy.

16

But, chief to thee, dear native land! the Power
That gives the rural reign, with all its joy,
Unveils his face divine, and loves to shower
His bounties in thy lap, that never cloy;
Bounties perennial, and without alloy:
Thine the soft-stealing Spring, so sweetly mild!
Thine are the Summer suns, that ne'er annoy,
The temp'rate wint'ry hours, that Nature's child,
Fond of her changeful face, welcomes with rapture wild!

17

In yonder fields, the plough-boy urges, gay,
The shining share, and oft, with mellow tone,
Wild warbles to his team the roundelay,
That tells of simple pleasures all his own,
And many a transport, felt by him alone;
When Love impels his steps across the glade,
When all the labours of the day are done,
And brisk he hies to meet the blooming maid,
To whom his vows were given beneath the hawthorn shade.

Vernal prospect.—Man, his blessings.

18

There the fair rainbow long has blushing shone,
Blushing to front the sun's all-piercing eye;
Lo! now she binds, with many-colour'd zone,
The hill, that hides its summit in the sky;
Now quenches in the wave her sanguine dye.
Here flits the Butterfly along the lawn,
Careless how swift the happy moments fly,
One day of shunshine all its little span;
How just an emblem of her brother insect—Man!

19

Fair is his morn of life—and gay with smiles——
For him the sun with cloudless lustre shines,
The clouds drop fatness—the bee yields her spoils;
Deep redden on the hill the bloomy vines;
Around his bower her arms the Myrtle twines,
The musk rose breathes its essence on the gale,
The diamond, brilliant, sparkles in the mines,
The milk-white hawthorn flowers adown the vale,
And wild thyme clothes the steep, and winds along the da

Happiness of childhood.—Manhood, its cares.

20

Awhile he wanders wild with pleasure's wind,
Awhile he basks delighted in the ray;
His the light heart, and his the vacant mind,
That knows no joy, no care beyond to day.
Child of an hour! be innocent, be gay;
Ah! why should foresight shroud thy hopes in night!
On seraph wings thou soon shalt burst away,
To share incomprehensible delight,
Floating amid the noon of uncreated light.

21

True!—grief may come with chilling influence,
In riper years, and quench the golden gleam;
And scenes of woe may rise upon his sense,
That Fancy loves to banish from her dream;
The friend that shar'd his counsel and esteem,
May with ingratitude his love requite;
Fair fortune suddenly withdraw its beam,
And the grave snatch his bosom's sole delight,
The angel who could charm amid the deepest night.

Consolation springing from a religious hope.—Summer.

22

But north' Ingrate's sharp poiniard, barb'd with scorn,
With all that disappointment can inspire;
Nor the cold damps of death, or grave forlorn,
Shall ever quench that spark of heavenly fire
That warms his heart, and shall, when suns expire,
And planets cease to dart their mingled rays,
New splendour, at the fount of light acquire.
(So Nature, so the God of Nature says,)
And shine for ever there with undiminish'd blaze.

23

In such pursuits, pleas'd, would I pass the time,
Till, from the chambers of the sun, implor'd
To give the glorious day in all its prime,
Lord of the eagle eye, and Nature's lord,
Summer stept forth. The golden age restor'd,
And realiz'd each scene the poet feigns;
When every grove can such delights afford,
As blest in days of yore Arcadian plains,
No heart, I ween, has he, that far away remains.

Solitude—Noonday.

24

Ah! then, through woodland haunts my way shall lead,
Where umbrage dun o'ercanopies the rill
That wanders, nameless, o'er the long drawn mead,
And loves its hermit path beyond the hill.
My morning and my ev'ning service still
To Heav'n shall rise, uncheck'd by guilt or fears;
While, innocently, there I rove at will,
And on my brow the laurel crown appears,
Dy'd in no brother's blood, wet with no orphan's tears.

25

'Tis noon—the vertic sun intensely glows—
To leafy shades I hie, where careless thrown
On meads of fairest Asphodel, Repose
My head shall pillow with the cygnet's down,
And in forgetfulness my sorrows drown,
What time she comes, borne on the whistling wind,
To hover round the spot she calls her own,
With healing in her wings, and o'er my mind
Sheds joys my spirit loves, dreams of no common kind!

Apostrophe to the Genius of the place.

26

O, more than mortal far—to whom 'tis given,
These wild, these awful solitudes to keep;
Whose path is on the viewless winds of heaven,
Whose throne looks proudly o'er yon cloudy steep,
To robe whose fane the ivy tendrils creep
'Mid every sacred grove, in green array;
Lauding whose name, in many a sounding sweep,
The zephyrs labour all the live-long day,
Whose praise, whose waters tell, soft as they wind away;

27

Genius benign! forgive a stranger rude,
Who comes to watch, to wonder, and adore,
And pardon, if his vagrant foot intrude,
Where never mortal dar'd intrude before.
O, may I, blameless, your retreats explore!
So full of beauty, or so darkly grand:
List to your cataracts' deep and solemn roar;
Or mark the Crocus on their banks expand,
Sleep to Eolian airs, or list their pauses bland.

A wish.—Address to the Deity.

28

Then take to thy dominions, stretch'd immense,
Power of the eye of fire, and brow benign!
Nature's enthusiast, who with innocence
Would pierce your shades, to worship at her shrine.
And there be his, while the resounding pine
Bends o'er the mountain's side, at Zephyr's call,
Fancy to woo in bowers of eglantine,
And soar above all sublunary thrall——
Beyond the narrow bounds of this terrestrial ball.

29

The courts of heav'n lie open to the sight——
O thou, th' Eternal, Universal Sire,
At whose command the nations sprung to light,
At whose dread frown they tremble and expire;
How great art thou, how dreadful is thy ire!
Thy works how great, how great thy mercies are!
Who hast vouchsaf'd a portion of thy fire,
Who view'st with cordial looks our little sphere,
And deign'st to bless and make the reptile man thy care

Against presumption in man.

30

But shall mortality attempt to pierce
Where, thron'd in the pavilion of the sky,
Dwells the Creator of the universe,
Whom ne'er the broad eyes of the morn descry.—
O man, presume not to aspire so high,
Though, at thy mandate, suppliant kingdoms bow;
But cast thy crown and cast thy sceptre by,
And bend the knee of adoration low,
And kiss thy parent earth in reverential show.

31

Again he strays those sylvan scenes among,
Where flocks are seen to clothe the mountain's brow,
Where sits the shepherdess, and chants her song,
To village swain, responsive from below.
Hark, late the sounds were melancholy slow,
And every zephyr sigh'd its soul away;
But, brisk and animated, now they flow,
The valley laughs, and all around is gay;
Love, love is all the theme, and breathes in every lay.

32

Ah, strains belov'd! full sweetly did ye glide,
And smooth, as Yarrow's waters, which ye sung;
Methinks I hear ye still, "Arise, my bride!
Arise, and from these banks, in sorrow hung,
Let us depart; where, late, in mirth you sung,
Pulling the tender birch, and gathering dew:
But, ah! on Yarrow's banks in sadness flung,
Thou pourest forth thy soul in sorrow true,
Mourning the bloody deed that I shall ever rue*."

33

Why, Yarrow, is thy stream of Tyrian dye?
Why, on thy banks, is heard the voice of woe?
To whom belong those blood-stain'd garments nigh,
Hung on thy birch, and waving to and fro?
Why is the lily, erst as white as snow,
On thy green margin, rob'd in crimson guise?
And whose the form that, on thy dark-red flow,
Unshrouded floats, ah! never more to rise?
Though beauty weeps for him, and sever'd friendship sighs.

* See the beautiful Scotch ballad of the "Braes of Yarrow," by W. Hamilton, Esq. of Bangor.

Episode of the lovers of Yarrow.

34

Long must they sigh, and drop the tender tear,
Nor ever prove a respite to their pain;
For she hath lost a lover, lover dear,
And he the Yarrow's blooming pride hath slain.
From every eye let showers of pity rain,
To wash his wounds, and face so ghastly pale!
Then wrap his limbs in weeds of mourning grain,
And lay him in the daisy-scented vale;
There strew the budding rose, and there his fate bewail.

35

"Fair was the youth to whom thy maiden vows
Were given; he well thy flow'ry fetters bore;
Yet, though thy love might blossom like the rose,
Than me he never, never lov'd thee more:
His loss then cease, thus sadly, to deplore,
And let me lead thee fairer meads among;
I'll braid thy locks with many a sweeter flower,
Where Tweed is seen to wind the vales along,
Responsive to the thrush or lark's melodious song."

Their story continued.

36

" How can I leave, for scenes of joy, the mead,
Where he who has my heart, is lowly laid?
How can I love him on the banks of Tweed,
Who slew my love where Yarrow laves the glade?
O Yarrow-fields, may all your flowerets fade,
And never genial dew or summer rain
Awake the blossoms in your bowery shade,
To breathe their fragrance on the breeze again,
For in your green-wood shades my love was basely slain.

37

" Still blushes on thy spear my lover's blood;
How can'st thou, barb'rous man, then seek my love!
My happy sisters may, in scornful mood,
Bid me his cold clay clasp, in yonder grove;
My father may with cruel taunts reprove,
May make me tremble at his stern control;
My brother try, with threat'ning words to move,
But ne'er shall change the purpose of my soul;
Never to wed with thee, thou man of slaughter foul."

Beautiful simplicity of Scotch national music.

38

To livelier airs these sounds of woe give place;
Of Endermay, perchance, the strains may tell:
Fair fields, where summer shines with soften'd grace,
Where richer falls the dew adown the vale;
Where sweeter fragrance scents the evening gale;
The sky-lark there his earliest matin trills,
And there the lover tells his tenderest tale;
When Silence keeps her watch on all the hills,
And on the front of heav'n her horn the wan moon fills.

39

To Nature true, still do the numbers glide,
Still does the shepherd chaunt them o'er with glee;
O Marion, will you go, at ev'ning tide,
And drive the tender lambs across the lea,
And milk the ewes, and pen the fold with me:
The sun shines sweet, my love, on fields of dew,
But, ah! he dimly shines, compar'd to thee:
Thy lips are rosebuds opening to the view,
Thy cheek the vermeil shames, thy breast the lily's hue*.

* See the Scotch song of "Eew Buchts Marion."

Address to the sun.—The slave.

40

The sun descends—all-powerful king of day!
When thou exchangest these for other lands,
Who shares thy smile, who hails with joy thy ray?
It is not he, mid Afric's burning sands;
It is not he, whom the red scourge commands,
Soon as thy splendour trembles o'er the deep,
To leave, for labour and inglorious bands,
The bed of rest, the couch of balmy sleep,
On western isles who wakes, but only wakes to weep.

41

A little while! ah! yet a little while!
Delay to light him to his task of tears;
Perchance he sleeps, and slumber may beguile
His woes, and for a season chace his fears.
Soft'ner of pain, lo! Memory appears,
Again to waft him to his native shore,
And give him back the joys of other years,
Sitting beneath the palm-tree's shade once more,
Singing the songs of old, and harping as of yore.

Against the slave-trade.

42

The vision flies—he starts! and sorrows pour,
In dewy flood, from either streaming eye;
And dark dreams oft, in desperation's hour,
Give all his soul to madd'ning agony.
Ah, see! Oppression lifts her scourge on high,
In vain the morning sheds its rosy smile;
No spicy gales for him a balm supply,
In vain for him the orange glads the soil,
In vain the cane affords the rapture of its spoil!

43

His brother (O, unworthy of the name)
Unfeeling man! on thee his curses fall,
And thou, deep dipt in Nature's lasting shame,
The murd'rer of his peace, deserv'st them all.
Bloody destroyer! go, and at thy call,
Thirsting like thee, let tigers proul for prey;
The thunders burst, and livid deaths appal;
The earthquakes scatter ruin and dismay,
They will not equal thee, when gold alone bears sway.

Comforts that uncultivated Nature is capable of inspiring.

44

Thou tread'st the wine-press, child of sorrow sad;
But wrap thee in thy innocence secure,
And start not thus, with indignation mad,
For joys are thine that ever shall endure;
Mem'ry is thine, and, O, 'tis soothing, sure!
Thine too th' untutor'd hope, whose day-spring gleams
Athwart the night of grief, with radiance pure;
Born of the sun! thou yet shalt bless his beams,
In those enlighten'd fields, where all his glory streams.

END OF PART I.

THE

PLEASURES OF NATURE;

OR, THE

CHARMS OF RURAL LIFE.

THE

PLEASURES OF NATURE;

OR, THE

CHARMS OF RURAL LIFE.

PART II.

1

O THOU who, midst thick darkness hold'st thy way,
With whom weak Nature oft in vain has striven;
Resistless Time! to whom, with sovereign sway,
To rule the kindoms of the earth 'tis given;
Whose hand, fulfilling the behest of Heaven,
Shall one day wreck the stars in wild uproar;
Have any mark'd thee, on thy pathway, driven
Along the deep, along the willowy shore?
Or has the song delay'd thee, or the sage's lore?

Swiftness of Time.—A similie.

2

Unwearied as yon rolling orb above,
Thou never, never, resting place dost know;
Thy wing is of the plumage of the dove,
And thine the feet of the wild, windy roe.
Hence warn'd, vain man! unthinking mortal, go,
Go catch the fading glories ere they die;
Already, see, they shine with soften'd glow,
Lining with languid light th' autumnal sky,
Whose valves, unfolding, give them to thine ardent eye.

3

So have I seen the virgin's cheek turn pale,
When love grew cold within her lover's breast;
And, when he fled to pour the tender tale,
Warm, in the ear of one more highly blest;
So have I seen her sink with grief opprest.
Ah then, where fled those tints of rosy hue,
That flush'd her cheek, in smiles for ever drest?
They fled—but she more interesting grew,
The child of beauty still, and lovely to the view!

Pleasures of an autumnal view.

4

Speak thou, to whom these guiltless feasts are dear,
O speak the joy in which thy soul is lost,
When thy foot strays where golden fields appear,
As in a billowy sea of plenty tost.
The hymn of gratitude, that long engross'd
Thy mind, and swell'd it to seraphic strain,
Rises in incense sweet, to join the host,
Who on heav'n's argent round, and star-pav'd plain,
Their grateful anthems swell thro' Love's eternal reign.

5

By no false hope, by no false pride misled,
Amid the joys of peace, with frugal hand,
When Spring with field-flowers all its borders spread,
Thy little glebe was sown in fairy land.
The little schemes of happiness you plann'd
Need fear no more the blast of rude mischance,
Man's frail securities all duly scann'd)
The sickle yields it to thy sated glance,
And independence comes, the rapture to enhance.

Comforts of the industrious man.—Against imaginary wants.

6

Thy reddening orchard, too, demands thy care,
Mantling upon the vine-empurpl'd hill,
And blushing deep along the gay parterre,
Where, on the sunny wall, the fruits distill.
There all the air with farewell sweets they fill,
And shed their stores beneath Pomona's eye;
And there the wild-bee plies his labour still,
And there he loads with balm his little thigh,
And reaps the honied meed that waits on industry.

7

O! grieve not thou, though the Hesperian tree
Sheds not its golden shower, to bless thee there;
Though not the draughts that give thy heart to glee,
From Hybla's hoard of sweets distilled were;
Though of Panchaia's spoils thou boast'st no share;
Though the ambrosial nectar is denied;
Or that the rose of Sharon's fields so fair,
Gems not thy summer bower in beauty's pride,
Adorn'd but with anemonies, and dasies pied.

Against pride and ambition.

8

What though thy dome, on fretted columns rais'd,
Towers not with idle state, sublime in air?
What though thou, meteor like, hast never blaz'd
In fortune's or in fashion's giddy sphere?
Scorn the false joy! Such is but splendid care,
To him who thinks and feels with senses keen:
Levees may bow, and venal crowds may stare.
But real grandeur flies the hated scene,
And Truth, first-born of heav'n, and happiness serene.

9

Votery of Nature! where is now thy way?
Cleav'st thou old Ocean's waters, lukewarm, bland?
And when the setting sunbeams idly play,
With ineffectual light, along the strand,
Still dost thou linger on his margin sand,
To mark the painted vessel smoothly glide,
Down by the borders of the sunny land,
Its white sails glancing on the hoary tide,
And does reflection to thy heart the moral guide?

Moral reflections.

10

Ah! then, thy rapt soliloquy will be,
(In sooth, it often, often, has been mine)
Thus gaily dancing on life's summer sea,
The little bark of man essays to shine;
Thrice happy he who, ere the gleam decline,
Guided by autumn's kind directing light,
Anchors his skiff beneath the waving pine,
Where, through the long, long gloom of winter's night,
The winds come not to shock, the tempests to affright.

15

Would fate a hamlet, such as this, bestow,
To shield me from the wintry storms of life,
The home of happiness, though wild winds blow,
The calm abode of peace, though ills are rife.
How like the virtuous man, who, 'mid the strife
Of a sin-tainted world, unmov'd, can stand,
Stand, though the assassin aim the uplifted knife,
Point the dire tube, or hurl the flaming brand,
All, all is day, though Night her raven wing expand!

Rural happiness.

12

ıere, on the mossy seat that skirts the door,
eas'd, would I sit, when ev'ning falls serene,
'hen reapers, full of glee and gestic lore*,
'eave their fantastic circles on the green;
vimming the maze, attendant on their queen,
ay youths and nymphs in mirthful measures tread,
'hile, fitful on their sports, her silver shene
'an Cynthia streams, and, from the moonlight glade,
veet Philomela pours her vesper serenade.

13

appy who closes thus life's sabbath eve,
'ho closes thus the holiday of age;
or in his book of mem'ry can perceive
ıe thought, the deed, which, blotting the fair page,
e in the stream of sorrow could assuage;——
) horrors sinking Nature shall affright,
ı fails the world his hatred to engage,
ıd, heav'n and glory dawning on the sight,
ıe disembodied soul prepares to take its flight.

* And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burthen of threescore.—Goldsmith.

Nature most capable of pleasing in the earlier part of life.

14

This, this is all the boon for which I pray;
Would fate my prayers with kind acceptance bless!
The vision charm'd in childhood's vernal day,
When life was luxury of happiness:
And shall it draw the heart-warm wishes less,
When age shall blast youth's transitory bloom,
And twillight robe the view, in sombre dress,
And Nature point the mansion of the tomb,
Where pleasure's star-light smile shall never chace the gl

15

Goddess supreme! thy pleasures most we prove,
When age is far away, and life is new;
Thy landscapes then, with magic, draw our love
Stronger than ever moonlight prospect drew;
O, ere the vital frosts thy fire subdue,
Imagination! dare the flight of time,
And waft me hence, and in thy fond review
Of happier days, and raptures more sublime,
Let me enjoy them still, and weave in careless rhime.

Youth free from care.

16

O, it was sweet, within my native vale,
Ere fate with cruel blight the bliss pursu'd,
To wander free from care, with peace to dwell,
Stretch'd on the softest lap of solitude:
Whither, when ev'ry plain and ev'ry wood
Was in the garniture of spring array'd,
Or summer pour'd of light and heat the flood,
Meridian strong, till autumn bade it fade,
Or winter came to shroud the view in deepest shade.

17

And blest those hours! those moments, ah how blest!
Wherein was first, upon my infant mind,
In never-dying characters impress'd,
The love of Nature, and her feasts refin'd:
There to my soul, with influence soothing, kind,
Th' enthusiastic ardour oft would glide,
As, mounted on the pinions of the wind,
Methought I saw immortal beings ride,
Unsheath the beamy lance, and wave their banners wide.

The infant mind naturally romantic in its wishes.

18

Sweet, too, to stray, at to-fall of the night,
All where the woodman plies his ev'ning lay,
While, first 'mong those who dip their skirts in light,
Hesper, to lead them on their pathless way,
Kindled his gem, his gem of jasper ray.
Oft as I gaz'd, where all those spangles blend
Their blaze, Peace would inspire, and Nature say,
Nor kenn'd too bright, nor indistinctly kenn'd,
The lamp of life would I thus inoffensive spend.

19

Days of my infancy! and are ye fled?
And will ye never, never more return,
To bid your light dreams hover round my head,
And bid, in extacies, my spirit burn?
O, why is life's romantic-colour'd morn
So short, when so propitious are its beams?
We tread inchanted ground! the Loves adorn
The spot, and every hour with pleasure teems!
Oh! why does it evanish like its mid-day dreams?

A similie.—The earthquake.

20

In climes where Etna lifts his head on high,
Proud his luxuriant landscapes to survey,
Where, nurs'd beneath the sunshine of his eye,
Full many a blossom opens to the day,
The traveller, thus, with spirits light and gay,
Ascends the steep array'd in smiling green,
And, hymning all the while some careless lay,
Thinks not how soon the storm may intervene,
And the dire demon low'r, to ravage all the scene.

21

O for the heart that steel'd the Hebrew's breast,
When in the panoply of faith he trod,
When Sinai the supernal call confess'd,
And conscious Nature, trembling, own'd her God!
For, lo! the flames have burst their dread abode,
And lord it o'er the vineyard's blooming pride;
Sulphureous vapours blot heav'ns concave broad,
A fiery deluge sweeps the mountain's side,
And Desolation spreads her baleful banners wide.

Man in his first and happiest state.

22

Take, Nature, take this rebel heart away,
Or pour submissive meekness o'er my mind,
Such as impos'd, with sadly-pleasing sway,
Obedience on the father of mankind,
What time he left fair Eden far behind,
And all its sweets, that nurs'd and taught to blow,
By hands unseen, their various charms combin'd—
All lonely left them, for a world of woe;
Ah me! where new distresses every instant grow.

23

O happy, hadst thou known thy happiness!
There grief ne'er robb'd the bosom of its ease,
No joy was wanting that the heart might bless,
No strain, no sweet, that Nature taught to please;
No sounds of woe came wing'd upon the breeze,
But all the live-long day the lay was love;
And, when the moon faint gleam'd among the trees,
And Nature sought the balm of sleep to prove,
The nightingale awoke the echoes of the grove.

Effects of the fall.

24

But now thou no where hast to lay thy head—
Avenger of his guilt! thine arm restrain,
In vain for mercy shall repentance plead?
Shall beauty sue with tears, and sue in vain?
If sorrows could have wash'd away their stain,
Ween the guilt long since had been no more,
Nor had disease, nor penury, nor pain
Mix'd with the spoils of Nature's boundless store;
Nor had this verse been heard these mis'ries to deplore.

25

Those flowers, that strew'd my path, are faded quite,
Those gleams of glory, that illum'd my way
Erewhile, leave me to darkness and to night.
As o'er the wilderness of life I stray,
A pilgrim sad, on yonder naked spray
Sorrow would prompt my rebeck should be hung,
Whose warbled voice could not prolong their stay,
As to the piping winds of heav'n it rung,
Enamour'd of its theme, and all its praises sung.

To be conscious of our pleasures is necessary to enjoyment.

26

Thus Israel's daughters, Israel's sons, would weep;
As, wand'ring sad where Babel's waters pour'd,
Remembrance came, their eyes in tears to steep,
And days of bliss, for ever fled, restor'd;
Wherein the charter'd children of the Lord
Dwelt on his hill, and scann'd his sacred lore;
Exil'd from all by the avenging sword,
They hung their harps on willows by the shore,
Nor ever would they sing the songs of Zion more.

27

Yet this were vain. What though the dream is fled?
Beam'd from the source of innocence, 'twas bright!
But reason first, and sense must lend their aid,
His joys, his powers, to estimate aright,
Ere man can taste the cup of true delight:
Did heav'n bestow the gift of mind as free
Upon the bird that, soaring, takes its flight
Through fields of air, the child of liberty,
More enviable, sure, its fairy life would be!

Happiness not confined to scenes of pleasure

28

What though the mead hath lost its flaming dye?
Though wither'd every scion in the vale?
Though the dark tempest gathers in the sky,
And the woods yield their honours to the gale?
That joy, amid such desert scenes, can dwell
The sympathetic bosom oft will find;
And oft, with tears and tender accents, tell,
That happiness may be of pensive kind,
And weep, and bless the soft-captivity of mind.

29

Behold, on yonder height, 'mid sunless groves,
With Taste and Nature, studious, for his guide,
High favour'd of the Nine, the Poet roves,
Regardful of the landscape's sullen pride,
Above the tempest's path that, wasting wide,
Had power to blot the sun, and vex the deep,
I see him stand, and, while the lightnings glide,
Fearless, the lyre of heav'n, I hear him sweep,
Rocking upon the blast, and cradled on the steep.

Description of a true poet.—His fondness for the sublime.

30

Him should you ask what joy such prospects bring,
As 'mid the scenery he stands sublime,
Ah! he will tell you, that the pride of spring,
Nor all the pomp of summer's flowery prime;
Nor all the walks in autumn's golden time,
Could lure him from these wastes, so still and holy
Nor all the joys of fortune's fairer clime,
Make him forego that soft, sweet melancholy,
He tastes amid these haunts, remote from noise and fo

31

The momentary day is quickly past,
And darkness gathers in the dewy dell—
Companion of his night-watch on the waste,
Who now shall catch the murmurs of his shell?
Lord of the lyre of soul-commanding spell,
Around thy head heav'n's thousand glories shine,
To light thy path, and to dread rapture swell
Thy mind, that labours with the great design,
Immortal powers shall aid and bless with smile benigr

The office of the muse.

32

To pour the tide of song to distant time,
Fraught with the spoils creation's range supplies,
As winter stormy, and as heav'n sublime,
And dreadful as the vengeance of the skies,
To them who Truth and Nature's walks despise,
And with the thirst of glory fir'd, or gain,
Who on ambition's altars sacrifice,
And bid the arm of murder dye the plain,
And desolate the earth, and crimson all the main.

33

To brand the guilty wretch, in artful guise,
And give to infamy his hated name;
A villain in the clothing of the skies—
The hypocrite in friendship's holy flame;
The dignity of virtue to reclaim;
To hurl the thunder of the muse's ire,
At those who, lost to honour, lost to shame,
Quench in the sink of vice heav'n's latent fire;
Nor reverence the muse, nor venerate the lyre.

Effects of an attachment to the muses.

34

From the base brow the laurel wreath to tear,
And round the head of merit bid it bloom;
To dissipate the dark dreams of despair,
And soothe lost Genius, sinking to the tomb;
To arm with fortitude to bear their doom,
Whom want, and penury, and pain assail;
To pierce their drear abode and melt the gloom,
And chace their supernumerary bale;
And cheer the fatherless, and still the widow's wail.

35

And what shall be thy guerdon here below?
The world will hate thee, and thy lot will be,
Unaided, to sustain a weight of woe,
The poor, ill-fated child of misery.
Alone and melancholy, cold on thee
The world's neglect shall fall, and quench thy flame;
Or Envy's quiver'd fiends, with shafts, that flee,
To pierce the soul, shall take their deadly aim,
And lay thee in the dust, and rob thee of thy fame.

Folly of seeking the protection and patronage of great men.

36

deserts, where no blossom ever blew,
r, will the bee for liquid balm retreat?
t, sapient man, this vanity will do,
hen noontide dreams his fever'd fancy cheat;
ho anchors in the fair looks of the Great;
ho leans upon the friendship of mankind,
ans on a reed that will his hopes defeat,
ıd plant ten thousand daggers in the mind.
ı me! a happier doom shall virtue never find?

37

t those despair, what time existence pains,
ıd skulk and seek a refuge in the grave,
ho never own'd a God eternal reigns,
: doubt his will, or doubt his power to save;
: thine to scorn the fetters that enslave
ıe mind, and triumph in thy doom severe;
bright reversion waits the truly brave,
peerless crown of glory they shall wear,
here winter never comes, nor sorrow prompts the tear.

Address to Winter.—Home-felt felicity.

38

Stern Winter, hail! dread tyrant of the year!
Bleak blows thy blast the wither'd woods among;
And fast comes on thy night of darkness drear,
Night, not delightless, since to thee belong
Mirth, music, love, and jollity, and song.
Pleas'd with thy sports, I bid the day retire,
And, happy as the sportive village throng,
Trim gaily, on my hearth, the social fire,
Nor heed the storms that blow and travel in their ire.

39

While my fenc'd cot excludes the rushing rain,
And there each dear domestic bliss is found,
How sweet to think the tempest beats in vain!
In vain the blasting whirlwinds sweep the ground;
And when the shades of ev'ning close around,
And cold and keen the blast of winter blows,
What joy to sit and hear the woods resound!
Or sink into the arms of calm repose,
Till dawns the boreal morn on hyperborean snows!

Love and retirement.

40

The nymphs, in Flora's train, that wanton'd gay,
In many a leafless grove and ruin'd bower
May mourn their pride, their pleasure swept away,
By the rude torrent in the dark, dark hour;
Far o'er the vale unheeded shall it pour,
And gloomy clouds unmourn'd bedark the sky,
While safe I dwell from all the storms that low'r,
And Laura sits with looks of kindness by;
And Love employs his wiles, and breathes his softest sigh.

41

But when the spirit of the storm, in wrath,
Bestrides the blast, and holds his dread career,
Arrests the traveller on his lonely path,
And Laura mourns his fate, and sighs sincere;
Be mine the pleasing task to lull each fear
To rest, and heav'nly confidence impart,
Dwell on that lip, and on that bosom dear,
And kiss away the tender tears that start,
And gaze o'er all her charms, and press them to my heart.

Conjugal happiness.

42

All hail, fond Love, first boon of heav'n to man!
The sweet companion of his fallen hour,
Who cheerest of his life the short-liv'd span,
And giv'st to Nature still to charm the power;
'Tis thou that rob'st in beauty every flower
That sheds, upon our vernal walk, delight,
Or fills with blossoms red our summer bower—
'Tis thou can'st charm, when these have urg'd their f
Give pleasure to the day, and rapture to the night.

43

Spread, winter, spread thy shadows o'er the plain,
Ride, fiends of darkness, ride the troubl'd air,
But spare the seaman tossing on the main,
Ah, spare him! in the midnight watches spare!
Here Hymen, trim thy lamp, devoid of care,
To brighten the obscurity profound;
Let female worth thy fond attentions share,
And call thy smiling family around;
And bid the vocal roof the choral strain resound.

Winter's evening amusements.

44

Perhaps some tale Tradition shall supply,
Or classic page, where all the muses meet,
That to the harp attun'd, with minstrelsy,
Shall the long tedious night of languor cheat;
A tale of hapless love, that shall complete
The soul's subjection to the warbling wire;
A tale of injur'd worth, that the fierce heat
Of wrathful indignation shall inspire,
And set the crimson tide, that floods the heart, on fire.

45

Nor would the joy be small, the hours to waste
With meek-ey'd Truth, attempting there to scan
That little world of Nature in the breast;
And read, nor vainly read, the volume—Man.
Remark the harmony of Nature's plan,
How not a passion there is given in vain,
How these repel, and those our wishes fan,
And this our bliss creates, and that our pain,
And knowing this aright, is everlasting gain.

Conclusion.

46

With wisdom thus, and pleasure in their train,
O, may the moments wing their silent flight,
So shall the spring-time soon return again,
With all its tender walks of chaste delight;
So love the day, and joy shall crown the night;
So youth shall nurse no pangs for age to feel;
So may we hope, 'mid fields of ether bright,
The notes of joy with seraphim to peal,
When heav'n's eternal year its splendors shall reveal.

ELEGIES.

ELEGY I.

In numbers apt, and veil'd in sorrows guise,
The bard has sung his well-imagin'd woe,
And bade the soft responsive sigh arise,
And taught the sympathetic tear to flow.

O blest as such, if, in the labour'd line,
I strove fictitious mis'ry to impart!
But, ah! no counterfeited grief is mine,
Alas! mine are the wailings of the heart.

Supernal Jove! how long, with tearful eyes,
Shall thy fierce anger doom me to complain?
How long shall my repeated prayers arise,
To plead for mercy at thy throne in vain?

His youth and sorrows.

Ah, me! few are the years that I have seen,
Scarce twenty summers have their vigour lent;
Yet, few and fleeting as my days have been,
Full many a sorrow has my bosom rent.

For I have borne the buffettings of fate,
A wand'rer sad, by fortune doom'd to feel
The proud man's scorn, the world's ungen'rous hate,
And frantic folly's persecuting zeal.

And should to-morrow see me lowly laid,
O'er my green grave no weeping friends will bend,
And bid the wild rose there its beauties spread,
And softer bid the dews of heav'n descend.

Though I have struck the lyre, by rapture mov'd,
No muses round my timeless bier shall mourn;
Though I have lov'd as never mortal lov'd,
No tearful virgins shall embalm my urn.

Address to the higher powers.

Powers Supreme! why does your anger glow?
hy wreak'd on me the vial of your wrath?
all my wand'rings round this world of woe,
, have I ever stray'd from Virtue's path?

ve I approach'd the maid in Love's fond name,
d soil'd her cheek with tears and murder'd sleep?
ve I in friendship feign'd a sacred flame,
t plung'd, in some fond breast, the dagger deep?

ve I assum'd religion's outward grace,
de and the soul's deformity to veil?
, wallowing in the harlot's lewd embrace,
every virtue bade a long farewell?

ve I to misery denied relief?
ve I refus'd the plaint of woe to hear?
d, when my hand could not assuage their grief,
ve I refus'd the tribute of a tear?

Apostrophe to Jove.

Almighty Jove! why does thy vengeful ire
Pursue my steps, and doom me to complain?
Why do my prayers, my sighs to heav'n aspire,
To clasp thy knees, and mercy ask in vain?

ELEGY II.

ON SOLITUDE.

Ye woods, thick branching, that exclude the day!
Oh, can you shield me from misfortune's dart?
Or you, ye streams, bright as the solar ray,
Bestow a balm to heal a broken heart?

O Solitude! nurse of my happy youth,
To you I fly, from folly, noise, and care;
In hopes a wounded spirit thou wilt soothe,
A body, wasted by disease, repair.

For thou can'st steep in slumbers, from thy store,
The lorn, the agonizing heart of woe;
And on the cheek, pale, languid, bid once more
The living tints of health and beauty glow.

Hope a friend to the wretched.

With thee, Hope whispers, I shall taste relief,
As listless laid, by the translucent stream,
I find a renovating pause from grief,
And all the cares that waste my sickly frame.

She tells me, I shall health and peace yet find,
All as amid your green retreats I rove,
All as I breathe the scented western wind,
Or listen to the wild notes of the grove.

For who the haunts of Nature can explore,
The shade where music melts on every spray,
The stream that never blush'd with human gore,
And still be lost to peace and pleasure's sway.

Then take me to thy haunts of blissful rest,
And soothe my soul with light fantastic dreams,
As thou wert wont, when oft thy charms I trac'd,
While life was new, and bright its morning beams

Past pleasures.

Parent of ev'ry calm delight! ere woe
Transpierc'd my heart, and bade each comfort flee;
Ere fate thy charms compell'd me to forego,
What joys, what raptures, have I prov'd with thee!

Sweet Solitude! O wilt thou deign once more
To shroud me in thy sweetly lenient shade?
Permit me in thy ear my griefs to pour,
And on thy bosom lay my aching head?

Say, wilt thou teach to wander from its woe,
This pensive heart, to sorrow long a prey?
As in the grove I hear sweet music flow,
As down the vale at ev'ning hour I stray?

Or, can'st thou condescend again to guide
My wand'ring foot, where Flora's sweets exhale?
What time the morning gilds the mountain's side
And the mead's incense scents the vernal gale?

Tranquil delights.

Yes, thou shalt ev'ry gloomy thought beguile,
And bid thy holy calm pervade my breast;
The dappled dawn shall see me rise and smile,
And shadowy night bring soft oblivious rest.

E'en now, as o'er this vale, alike remote
From proud ambition and wild war's annoy,
My devious step I bend, and, lost in thought,
Anticipate each future scene of joy;

Methinks I feel no more affliction's power
Corrode my heart, and quench its youthful fires;
Whilst fairy fancy plumes her wing once more,
And flies to paint whate'er fond hope inspires.

Led by their lore, I think what joy 'twill be,
As setting day illumes the village spires;
With Solitude to wander o'er the lea,
And catch poetic hints, poetic fires!

Solitude a friend to innocence.

With thee, sweet Solitude, the muses dwell,
With thee how sweet the hours will glide along,
While in your shades I tune the vocal shell,
And to thy thousand charms devote the song!

And many a long, long year of pleasure fled,
How sweet, without a sigh, without a tear,
To lay me down among th' unhonour'd dead,
Whilst shepherd swains with flowers bestrew my bier.

O then, forgive me! ye who fondly tread
The field of fame, if here I lov'd to stray;
If I preferr'd this walk with wild-thyme spread,
To your ensanguin'd path, and brighter way.

Nor blame me, ye who chace the phantom joy,
And ye who watch the turns of Fortune's wheel,
Though early from your rounds I chose to fly,
And calmly sought unseen through life to steal.

ELEGY III.

ON LEAVING A RETIREMENT IN THE COUNTRY.

SURE I was born to be the sport of fate!
Sure some malignant planetary fire
Ill-omen'd, and with envy fill'd, and hate,
Shed on my natal hour its influence dire!

Again I'm forc'd to leave the happy spot,
Where, lull'd to rest by wood-notes artless, wild,
I prov'd the sweets of quiet, and forgot,
In Nature's lap, I e'er was Mis'ry's child.

Worn out with toils, with mental anguish stung,
I sought a sweet retreat from all my woe;
And found it, where the Blackbird plies his song,
Retir'd beneath yon wood-crown'd mountain's brow.

The power of retirement in tranquillizing the mind.

There, smarting from the wounds misfortune gave,
And glad to hail the scenes of peace and rest,
I laid me by the fountain's babbling wave,
And woo'd sweet Solitude* to calm my breast.

There too, all as I crav'd her powerful aid,
The goddess oft a gracious ear inclin'd;
And, or invigorating slumbers shed,
Or prompted visions of celestial kind.

Ah! haunt belov'd, from you I must depart;
But, oh! how do I mourn the stern decree,
That, reckless of each tie that binds my heart,
Compels my feet to wander far from thee.

I ask not wealth—for wealth can ne'er efface
From my heart's tablet joys I must resign;
Theirs be the glittering prize, who in its chace
Have brav'd the waves, or sprung the dang'rous mine.

* See the preceding elegy.

Indifference with regard to fame or fortune.

Theirs be the shining, theirs the valu'd toy,
Who, captivated by the charms it wears,
Leave, for the search, each scene of home-felt joy,
And venture life, and all that life endears.

I ask not fame—for fame is not my due—
Ah! why should any languish to obtain
What cannot this frail mortal form renew,
Nor steep in slumbers soft the heart of pain?

Let such receive the unsubstantial meed,
Who seek to find it 'mid the battle's rage;
Or those who, at the price of health, proceed
By learning's path, and turn the studious page.

For me, nor fickle Fortune's flow'ry way,
Nor honour's field, where youthful heroes swell,
Have power, have charms, to draw my soul astray,
By sage experience taught to judge too well.

Rural contentment.

Dearer to me the little vale of friends,
By yonder mountain, shelter'd from the storm,
Which nor detested war's loud trumpet rends,
Nor wintry tempests, wasting wide, deform.

And far more pleasing to my harass'd soul,
The dear delight to wander vacant there,
And your pure stream's wild wand'rings to control,—
Or bid the valley's lily look more fair.

There would I ask no vassal'd crowd to press,
And do me honour in the stately dome,
Content, if simple friendship deign'd to bless,
And health and peace endear'd my humble home.

There would I ask no maids to grace my lyre
With rosy garlands, breathing sweet perfume:
For she, who ever did my bosom fire,
In life's fair morn, was laid within the tomb.

Love and friendship.

Laura was lovely—and I lov'd the fair
With all the transport youthful poets feign;
Her voice was music to my raptur'd ear,
Her smile gave sweet delirium to my brain.

But Laura lives not—all those charms are fled,
And all my transports, all my hopes were vain;
In yonder grave I saw her early laid,
And there I strew'd the pride of every plain.

Years since have o'er my head unheeded flown,
And tranquilliz'd, at length, this tortur'd breast;
But never shall, while Reason keeps her throne,
Blot from my mind one charm the maid possest.

'Tis thus, my friends, and thee, delightful spot!
Since fate ordains I far from you must rove;
Nor time, nor distance, nor my luckless lot,
Shall ever, ever, make me cease to love.

The adieu.

Take, then, my last farewell, ye happy shades!
And, oh! may thy blest children never know
What 'tis to leave behind their green-wood glades,
And bear, like me, the lash of ev'ry woe.

ELEGY IV.

TO A BLACKBIRD.

ıen sad I sink beneath the storms of life,
little bark dash'd by the cruel war;
en from th' unequal, long-continu'd strife
he unfeeling world remains afar.

et warbler! oh how kind it is in thee,
y'd by indulgent pity's soft control,
eek my bower, and, with thy minstrelsy,
e to allay the fever of my soul!

liquid lay falls softly on my ear,
l'd all wildly from the flow'ry brake;
hough thy song be sweet, soft sonneteer!
er to pleasure's sway my heart shall wake.

Melancholy reflections.

Yet how shall I reward thy anxious toil,
Exerted thus, to soothe a wretch forlorn?
Sweet bird! for thee may seasons ever smile,
And shed their roses on thy fav'rite thorn.

So shall thy mellow tones the heart enslave,
As soft they warble from the op'ning glade;
So may thy sweet song echo o'er my grave,
When calm I sleep within the green-wood shade.

ELEGY V.

WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

From yonder gaily-blossom'd bean-flow'r bed,
Soft blows the spicy gale that wakes the morn;
Unnumber'd songsters warble in the shade,
And bright the honied dew-drop decks the thorn.

The shepherd trills his ballad in the grove,
And on the rose-bud sits the busy bee;
Light tripping o'er the green, the virgin's move,
And bounteous Nature smiles on all but me.

To all but me, the smiling morning comes,
To all but me, the gale sweet fragrance brings,
My lonely heart would fly to silent glooms,
And leave the beauty of a thousand springs.

Lamentation for the loss of health.

In vain does melody transport the vale,
In vain the lily lifts its lowly head,
In vain the field-flower's incense loads the gale,
And all in vain the healing dews are shed.

They raise no transport in the man of woe,
They yield no sweets to heal his wounded heart;
'Tis not the zephyr, balmy, breathing low,
'Tis not the limpid brook can ease his smart.

Dearer to him the sympathetic shades,
Where gloomy melancholy reigns around,
Than all the flow'ry meads and fairy glades,
That lavish Nature has with beauty crown'd.

O health! blest parent of the genial hour,
Oft have I trod with thee the dews of morn;
Oft have I sought with thee the shady bower,
And fram'd, sweet task! the wreath by Delia worn.

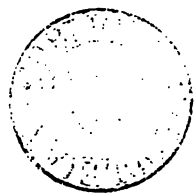
The consolations of the wretched.

But thou art fled (and, oh! thou wert my all)
No more I bask in thy bright ray divine,
Or hear, within the grove, thy breezy call,
Or pull thy early rose, that once was mine.

Dejected, pale, I walk the sunny glade,
While music pours its raptures on the ear;
While nymphs and swains fantastic measures tread,
I sigh forlorn, and drop the frequent tear.

Yet, why complain? Wrapt in the peaceful tomb,
The weary rest, remov'd from all their woes,
There does the houseless wand'rer find a home,
And there does misery at last repose.

Pillow'd in peace, and ev'ry sorrow o'er,
There shall I drop the lamentable strain;
There close my wakeful eyes, to weep no more,
And snatch a joy beyond the reach of pain.



ELEGY VI.

TO DELIA.

RE careful Love has rear'd the happy bower,
ıding waters, that for ever flow,
ith Delia at the noontide hour,
ove the wreath that waves upon her brow.

llage virgin smil'd upon her swain,
rds sung spousals in the neighb'ring grove,
ft was heard, when zephyr dropt the strain,
oodman's ballad fond and full of love.

ia's ear, I sung the scene of joy;
lia's heart, I bade each object speak;
ld the beam of bliss in every eye,
the rose of health on ev'ry cheek.

Rural sights and rural sounds.

"And, hark! what raptures vib'rate down the vale,
What soften'd airs breathes Eolus between,
Where, led enamour'd o'er the grassy dale,
The happy shepherd and his nymph are seen.

"Can Delia view this scene of bliss supreme,
View all but Celadon with transport glow,
See every eye but his with pleasure beam?
And see—herself the cause of all his woe.

"In that soft bosom, like the lily fair,
Sure cruelty can never, never dwell;
Then, why, dear lovely maid, that scornful air,
And, oh! why does thy snowy bosom swell?

"Proud beauty (oh forgive the warmth of love!)
In yonder faded flower behold thy doom;
Then, lovely Delia, let us fly, and prove
Youth's op'ning pleasures, ere they cease to bloom.

The lover's moral.

"But if my lovely Delia heaves the sigh
For pomp, for honour, shadows with a name,
Know that no joys, with virtue's meed can vie,
And nought so sweet, as well-won, honest fame.

"Then trifle not, my Delia, with thy swain;
That insect, flutt'ring in the genial ray,
How short its hour of sunshine! then how vain
To trifle life, precarious life, away!"

"O cease, fond Celadon," my Delia cried,
"O cease, dear youth, this fond impassion'd strain!"
And turn'd, oh heavens! a falling tear to hide,
Then flew like lightning o'er th' enamell'd plain.

Enchanting Delia! come and give relief
To this sad heart, that only beats for thee;
And as I pity thee for unknown grief,
Oh pity, lovely Delia, pity me!

ELEGY VII.

ON THE PARTIALITY OF FORTUNE.

SAY, Fortune, say, why are thy gifts bestow'd
On proud-plum'd ignorance, and vice alone?
While unobtrusive merit is allow'd
To pine in want, unpity'd and unknown.

And tell me, Fame, when Fortune's minions die,
Why is thy voice so loud in venal praise?
Why does thy clarion rend the ambient sky?
But mute when worth the debt of nature pays?

Dear to the muse, the lamentable theme
Oft wakes her lyre to notes of woe profound,
When sinks in twilight day's departing gleam,
And fairy harps within the vale resound.

The story of Cleanthes.

The tale her sad, sad accents now disclose,
While sounds the lyre, obedient to her call;
Is thine, Cleanthes, man of many woes!
But Virtue's firm adherent, 'midst them all.

A tale of woe!—As, weary and astray,
A traveller urg'd his steps across the heath,
Sudden he saw the sun withdraw his ray,
And cloud the firmament the shades of death.

And now, remote from every kind retreat,
He sees the length'ning shades of ev'ning grow;
And now on his defenceless bosom beat
The winter's winds, surcharg'd with rain and snow.

It was Cleanthes—he, whose polish'd mind,
With every grace, with every virtue shone;
Whom Honour made sincere, and Taste refin'd,
But, ah! whom Fortune look'd on with a frown.

Affection.

Long did he court her, on his native soil,
By honest means, to hear his humble prayer;
Alas! it was in vain, for not one smile
Of fond approvance recompenc'd his care.

Yet 'twas not for himself he wish'd the Maid
Would chose his humble mansion for her home;
It was to shield from woe a parent's head,
It was to smoothe his passage to the tomb.

Where were ye then, ye friends to modest worth?
Ye powerful patrons of lost merit, where?
Whose province 'tis to call true genius forth,
And bid it smile, and fix its proper sphere.

Dejected with your scorn, and Fortune's frown,
He left his native fields, his native shore,
Hopeful, in realms beneath the torrid zone,
To find the nymph, and find her coy no more.

His search for fortune is vain.

He sought her on the bare and arid waste,
Sore smitten by the whirlwind's fiery wing;
He sought her, in the depth of woods embrac'd,
Where the green serpent gives a deadly sting.

For her he brav'd the mad tornadoe's ire,
For he stemm'd the stormy Indian wave,
But found her not—then died his youthful fire,
And died the rose of health, that Nature gave.

Returning from the search, to breathe once more
His native air, and, every danger past,
To view each youthful scene that charm'd before,
And 'mid the friends he lov'd, to breathe his last,

The storm o'ertook him—in a foreign land,
And far from ev'ry kind protecting shed,
What were his feelings, when he felt the hand
Of Death press heavy on his woe-worn head?

Resignation.

Adown his languid cheek distream'd no tear,
Long had they ceas'd to flow—their fount was dry;
He breath'd no sigh—for, ah! his fate severe
Long since had taught him it was vain to sigh.

Low on the heath, his care-worn frame he laid,
And ey'd the low'ring skies with mournful gaze;
While roar'd the bitter blast around his head,
And thro' the gloom gleam'd oft the lightning's blaze,

And cried, " 'Tis past—ye elements, rage on!
Ye winds, still howl across the desert moor!
And on a weary wanderer, woe begone,
And lost to joy, your utmost fury pour.

' Beneath the sod your wrath shall never come,
To break the slumbers that await me there;
And soon shall I be laid within the tomb,
That sweet insensibility to share.

Comforts of a virtuous man in the hour of death.

" What though no parents, friends, or brothers dear
Attend, of life, the melancholy close,
To breathe the voice of comfort in my ear;
The storm shall rock me to serene repose!

" What though I must resign the hope, which cheer'd
This bosom long, I yet might wander gay
Amid those scenes by infancy endear'd;
Religion opes far brighter scenes than they.—

" Scenes, where nor sorrow ever comes, nor care,
But pure beatitude rewards the good;
Where I shall cease from all my toils, and share
Those joys that frail mortality elude.

' Farewell, the golden dreams I long caress'd,
Farewell, my friends, a poor but worthy few!
The tide of life has fast within my breast,
The morning sun my stiffen'd corse shall view."

A melancholy reflection.

Hapless Cleanthes! in thy dying hour,
No one to whisper kinder things was near;
And strangers, who ne'er own'd soft pity's power,
Consign'd thee to the dust without a tear!

BURLESQUE ELEGIES

AND

PARODIES.

ELEGY,

'RITTEN AT RICHMOND UPON THAMES.

ioned by some Cats that assembled nightly under the Au-'s window, and actually prevented him from enjoying benefits of rest.

IERE angel-harps with sounds of potent power,
gling with Philomela's mournful lay,
e oft entranc'd the poet's silent hour,
drawn him from his rhimes and rags away;

ere Love has led the fair with soft control,
en envy and detraction were at rest,
l pour'd the living torrent of the soul,
l thaw'd the icy coldness of her breast;

He addresses the cats.

Instead of sounds like these to soothe the ear,
Say, is it not beyond expression galling,
No sighs but those of love-sick cats to hear,
No music but their damned caterwauling.

Ye mangy lovers, that so loudly languish,
Say, strive you thus some cold coquet to warm?
Or do your fierce delights approach to anguish;
That thus the slumb'ring echoes you alarm?

I own, to love I am at heart no foe—
But then such conduct, I must say, is shameless,
Thus with your orgies to astound us so,
As if such sports were altogether blameless.

Away, ye libertines, ye harlots too,
Who neither marry, nor are given in marriage!
Away to garret vile, ye bawdy crew!
And mend your evil ways and wanton carriage.

The vision.

ll your notes no more assail my ears;
y sweet music steal upon the night,
eave the poet's soul beyond the spheres,
: never dun nor catch-pole shall affright.

'AREWELL TO THE MUSE.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

WHILE yet my breeches Boreas' wrath defy,
Nor float a waving rain in the gale,
In this my garret, ere my reason die,
Or my small credit altogether fail;

Wilt thou, my S——, in this lucid hour,
O'er his wreck'd fortunes hear thy friend complain?
While his tongue blames the muse's witching power,
And from his heart sincerely flows the strain.

A kindred sympathy thy breast shall fill,
Yet, haply, brooding o'er some critic's sting.
Poets are luckless dogs! write how they will,
Envy will rise, and Scorn her arrows fling.

The adieu to poesy.

Why are ye silent, brother of the trade?
Why given to the devouring flames thy lyre?
At critical dissection so dismay'd,
Shall rage no more, nor poverty inspire?

O, speak! and mix thy sad complaints with mine,
For well our sorrows, well our hearts agree:
A tasteless world my friend may sadden thine;
A tasteless world demands a curse from me.

Yet ere to ask a dinner, or a coat,
Of that same tasteless world, the fates compel,
O let us sing, in lamentable note,
To fancy and the muse a long farewell.

Farewell, the wild dreams, fatal to the brain,
Visions sublime, where reason holds no place;
Farewell, each hope the poet forms in vain,
Of fortune, fame, peculiar to the race.

Disappointment.

'e flowery fields of poesy, adieu!
ay sunny realms! where, with supreme delight,
Vanders the bard, despising pomp and shew,
Vhen fancy leads him, a mistaken wight!

ir climes, adieu! where late I fondly stray'd,
ed by the charmer, Hope, o'er fairy ground;
atch'd at the laurel leaf, my brows to shade,
t grasp'd a thorn—with thorns 'tis compass'd round.

rewell, the ramble 'mid those classic bowers!
hat Helicon's harmonious waters lave;
rewell, the songs of the Pierian Powers,
nd all the visionary hours they gave.

l, all, adieu! from Reason's sober power
y the wild dreams, inspir'd through Fancy's reign;
flection strips them, in delib'rate hour,
f all their charms, and all their splendors vain.

Apostrophe to Reason.

Substantial are the joys that Reason yields;
Calm, as amid the crowd we keep our way,
Fortune, that flies afar the Muses' fields,
Our home may find, and cheer our humble way.

Power of the placid mien, that poets scorn!
From thee the rapture dear to nature springs,
Whether within the shepherd's calm sojourn,
Or all beneath the palaces of kings.

O then, since we her voice have long despis'd,
Let us, my friend, endeavour now to find
The path of Common Sense, so little priz'd,
So much neglected by the scribbling kind.

Then, when the fit of writing verse is o'er,
When the delusions yield to Reason's sway;
When business our attention calls once more,
And rags depart, and hunger flies away;

Union of friendship and independence.

With thee life's dear delights I yet may share,
To thee my full heart tell its joys profuse;
Fortune with smiles shall dissipate my care,
And my soul bless the day I left the muse.

ELEGY,

WRITTEN AT A CHRISTMAS FEAST IN THE COUNTRY.

A Parody on Gray's Elegy written in a Country Church-yard.

The clock proclaims the welcome dinner hour,
The guests are met—and ev'ry brow unbent,
Swift circles round the draught of potent power,
Inspiring mirth, and banishing restraint.

Now crowd the Christmas danties on the sight,
And all the room is hush'd in silence deep;
Save where the plates with jarring sounds unite,
And busy jaws a ceaseless murmur keep.

Save that from yonder bench, with hollow groan,
The faithful Tray does to himself complain
Of those that, mindful of themselves alone,
Allow him not a portion to obtain.

Patience under past sufferings, and present felicity.

Around that friendly board, with plenty spread,
Where rise the bones in many a greasy heap,
Each in his easy chair supinely laid,
The sons of toil their annual revel keep.

The forest moaning hollow in the gale;
The cold and cheerless winds surcharg'd with snow;
The headlong torrent rushing down the vale;
Compel them not their banquet to forego.

For them no far-fetcht luxuries are spread,
Nor costly Burgundy their cares beguiles;
Yet Peace and Plenty at their table-head
Are seen, with all their family of smiles.

Oft did they fast throughout the by-gone year,
Their looks confirm the truth of what I say;
How patiently they bore their lot severe!
How did they welcome this auspicious day!

The poor and their pleasures not to be despised.

Oh! let not Lux'ry mock their diet plain,
Their flowing cann, and toasts of pretty maids;
Nor titled Pride behold, with proud disdain,
The poor, but neat, repast, that Labour spreads.

The crowd, that forms sweet smiling Pleasure's train,
And all that fickle fortune's favours share,
Confess alike the iron sway of pain;
The paths of power are but the paths of care.

Nor you, ye rich! account it as a fault,
Though at their board no chosen wines are plac'd,
Where the inspiring quintessence of malt,
Lulls every sorrow, every care to rest.

Can lux'ry's sons in bloom, or vigour, vie
With those of industry and toil severe?
Can creams and jellies taste like yonder pye;
Or claret string the nerves like nappy beer?

Suppositions.

Perhaps at this carousal might be found
Some heart that oft has bled at Mis'ry's cry;
Hands that could hurl oppression to the ground,
Or wipe the falling tear from Sorrow's eye.

But these hard times a cheerless gloom have thrown
O'er all their smiling prospects of delight;
Chill Penury, with heart-apalling frown,
And hollow eye, now stands before their sight.

Full many a tear bedims Misfortune's eye,
And, streaming from its source, unseen descends.
Full many a sad and unavailing sigh
Is breath'd in secret—and with ether blends.

Some unknown Howard, that, with pity smit,
Has oft explor'd Affliction's sad retreat;
Some poor unhonour'd Nelson here may sit;
Some Burns, that sings and struggles with his fate.

Low birth not without its advantages.

Th' applause of jolly topers to obtain,
At feasts to crack a bottle with Lord May'r;
To scour the watch along some dirty lane,
And rend with loud huzzas the midnight air,

Fortune forbids.—Nor circumscribes alone
Their pleasures, but their sorrows too confines;
Forbids in private sadly to bemoan
The gout and all the ills debauch combines:

The treach'rous perfidy of friends to prove,
To lose at play a fortune, madly driven;
Or, for some loose-rob'd, wanton strumpet's love,
Risk life, and all their future hopes of heav'n.

Far from the hamlet, where their fathers grew,
The sons have never wish'd nor sought to stray;
Fortune their humble dwelling never knew,
And Science there ne'er shed her piercing ray.

General festivity.

Yet, e'en their welcome holiday to keep,
A smile of pleasure sparkles in their eyes;
Drest in their Sunday's suits, and drinking deep,
They draw the smile and pity of the wise.

Their wants, their woes, without disguise made known,
The void, in conversation oft, supply:
And many saving maxims are laid down,
That teach the poor, lank hunger to defy.

For who, to penury and grief a prey,
At Christmas-tide no signs of pleasure shows?
Flies from the scenes of happiness away,
Nor casts one wistful glance where plenty flows?

At that glad time the face in smiles is drest,
And ev'ry honest heart around is gay;
E'en the poor lab'rer strives to have a feast,
E'en the sad widow wipes her tears away.

The author is introduced.—His fate.

For thee who, mindful of this festal day,
Dost try in rhyme its pleasures to relate,
If chance, when Reason shall regain her sway,
Some boon companion should enquire thy fate,

Haply some near-observing friend may say,
"When all was o'er, we saw him scour along,
Splashing through every puddle in his way,
In hopes to gain his home e'er morning sprung.

"There in yon stream, that slowly wanders down
The silent vale, remote from care and strife,
His listless length at midnight hour was thrown,
And scap'd, by chance, with scarce a sign of life.

"Along yon trackless heath, his dreary way,
Mutt'ring ten thousand curses, he explor'd:
Now starting, wild with terror and dismay,
Now dreading yet th' unfathomable ford.

His absence is remarked.—The soliloquy.

"That morn we miss'd him ope his cottage door,
Within the barn, and on the bowling green;
Another fill'd his chair at dinner hour:
Nor at the sports, or ale-house was he seen.

"At night, by friends and neighbours homeward borne—
We saw him pillow'd on the couch of rest;
Approach, and hear his faithful Mary mourn,
And mark the throbbings of the anxious breast."

THE SOLILOQUY.

Here rests his head, now free from care or mirth,
A man for drinking and misfortunes known;
Cold poverty presided at his birth,
And ever since has mark'd him for her own.

Large were the draughts he quaff'd, by passion driv'n,
And reason's power was lost amid the flow;

Forgiveness.

gave his sorrows to the winds of heav'n,
. snatch'd a short oblivion to his woe.

farther seek his frailties to disclose,
ell each little failing of his life,
e they, forgot in silence, should repose——
bosom of his confidant and wife.

ILLEGITIMATE ODE

TO THE SHOP OF AN EMINENT BOOKSELLER.

AH, books belov'd! ah, pleasing shop!
So form'd to entertain;
Where one so easily may pop
His nose in time of rain.
I feel th' immortal Three-times Three
Inspire, whene'er I think of thee;
As down I sit of thee to write,
My grey goose quill they seem to warm,
And, redolent of rapture, charm
Away my senses quite.

The book-worms.

Say, C——, for thou hast seen
Full many a critic race,
With learned phiz, thy walls within,
The paths of knowledge trace;
Who foremost now, with sapient looks,
Delight to rummage 'mong thy books?
Who into disputations fall?
What idle progeny succeed,
To sit the live-long day and read,
And still find fault with all?

Whilst some, on information bent,
Their deep researches ply,
And, on the *tomes* of old intent,
Still pore with curious eye;
Some, more advent'rous, seize the pen,
And strain each nerve, and rack their bra
And dare themselves to gain a name;
Still as they write, they hither hie,
To gain of strength a new supply,
And snatch a dubious fame.

Theirs are those hopes, by wisdom nam'd,
The day-dreams of the wise,
The wish believ'd as soon as fram'd,
The author's paradise!
Theirs, fortune in idea bright,
Posts, pensions, captivate the sight,
And mitres, and fat benefices;
Her sinecures the state allows,
Already, too, the church bestows
Her flocks and golden fleeces.

Alas! in Learning's, Nature's spite,
They stain the spotless page;
No sense have they of what they write,
Nor of reviewers rage:
Yet see how all around them wait,
The angry minister's of fate,
Arm'd with the lash, with venom cramm'd,
Ah, show them where, in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murd'rous band—
Ah tell them they'll be damn'd!!!

THE POET'S PRAYER TO APOLLO.

A PARODY OF POPE'S UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FATHER of verse! in ancient times,
In modern too ador'd,
By all the host that deal in rhymes,
Phœbus! the Muses' lord!

Thou king of lays, well known to fame,
Who all my life hast made
A life of poverty and shame—
The wages of our trade!

Yet gave me in my garret, kind
Poetic dreams to see;
And, leaving Reason far behind,
Bade Fancy heav'nward flee.

He petitions for a farther knowledge of his art.

Whate'er thou dictat'st to my pen,
Or warn'st me not to write,
This, teach me more than bread to gain,
That, catch the moment bright.

What dreams thou pourest on my sight,
Let me not ill express;
For oft description mars them quite,
Or makes their grandeur less.

Yet let me not to thee rehearse,
The poet's art, or plight;
Or think thee God alone of verse,
When thou art God of light.

Let not this poor, unpowder'd pate,
Presume thy rage to feel,
And vainly strive to mend the state,
Or churchmen's sins reveal.

His poverty and hatred to prose.

If I am right, thy power inspire
To charm some wealthy maid,
If I am wrong, O help me Sire,
To learn some better trade!

Save me alike from present woe,
And future discontent;
At aught that critic rage may do,
Or bailiff's skill invent.

Teach me to find some friendly board;
To hide my hunger there;
That plenty I see widely pour'd,
That plenty let me share.

Poor though I am, not wholly so,
Since blest with thy regard:
O lead me where the Muses glow,
And prose was never heard!

The offering of the bards.

To thee, whose heav'nly dulcet lays,
Can "soothe a savage breast,"
One chorus let all poets raise;
And be an ode address'd!

VARIOUS.

OBERON,

KING OF THE FARIES,

TO HIS LOVE.

WHAT time the Star of day retires,
And red the crimson cloud of Even
Flames with his delegated fires,
Binding the radiant brow of heav'n!

O say, my true-love, will you go
To woodland haunts, remote, with me,
And trip it, on fantastic toe,
All underneath the green-wood tree?

And when, emerging from the deep,
The moon's wan lustre shall be given,
To gild each tower and dewy steep;——
A watch-light at the gates of heav'n!

A voyage to the isle of the blest.

Say, will you join, my love so kind,
Our frolic train, with heart of glee,
Sailing upon the midnight wind,
And trip it lightly o'er the sea.

To isles of fragrance, where the rose
That never dies, perfumes the air;
And the soft-fanning zephyr blows,
That never sigh'd so sweet as there.

Where war has never soil'd with blood
The living verdure of the vale,
And winter never strips the wood,
Nor chills the soft wing of the gale.

With golden harps, to gladness strung,
Of faeys, a tuneful, airy band,
Shall hail thee, ever fair and young,
And welcome thee to Fairy-land.

The paradise of Love.

There, whereso'er thy footsteps stray,
Through orange groves, or citron shades,
The gales of Araby shall play!
Sabæan odours scent the glades!

O, haste! my fairest, haste away,
The dance, the banquet, wait for thee,
And many a lyre and votive lay,
And strain of choral symphony!

ADELINE.

O WHO is she the woods among,
Where yon aërial mountain's tower,
And where the river rolls along,
That loves to stray and weave her bower?

What time the sun, dispensing bright,
The purple morning far and wide,
Bade his proud coursers, cloath'd in light,
Far up the pure cerulean ride;

Her have I mark'd, delighted, scale
The mountain rob'd in living green,
And heard her wild harp in the gale,
Hers is no common harp I ween!

And when the wan moon's yellow beam,
Check'ring the wood-walks of the fair,
Play'd in the bosom of the stream,
Still mark'd her fondly ling'ring there.

'Tis hers the power, with charmful lyre,
When cold the blasts of winter sweep,
To calm the demon's moody ire,
And hush his warring winds to sleep.

Her, Nature, in thy haunts detain;
Th' enchantress bears a harp divine,
And oft shall soothe thee with its strain,
The wild-wood harp of Adeline!

THE FAIR INSANE;

OR,

INA AT THE TOMB OF HENRY.

SOD, that wraps my Henry's clay,
O lie lightly on his breast!
And ye winds, that bring decay,
Spare the flow'rs with which 'tis drest.

So that, at the close of eve,
Fairy bands here oft may come;
Come, and their gay circles weave,
Round my lover's grassy tomb.

Sportive elves! O, here repair,
And I'll join your dance, and crave
Leave to bind your golden hair
With the pride of Henry's grave.

Tender recollections.

Who could with my lover vie?
O his eye was brighter far
Than the morning's orient eye,
Than the ev'ning's leading star.

Form'd, with manners mild, to raise
In the female breast Love's smart;
Form'd to melt it too with ease,
Soon he won my virgin heart.

O how happy have I been,
In the bosom of this grove,
By the pale moon's silver shene,
Often wand'ring with my love!

Now within the moonlight glade,
Now, e'en now, he should appear,
For he loves me still, though dead,
And when Anna calls will hear.

Moonlight scenery.

Hark, I'll chide the sleeping youth:
Sure thy dreams are dreams of joy,
Henry, sure thy bed is smooth,
That thou hear'st not Anna's voice!

Wake, although thy sleep be sound,
And though pleasant be thy dreams;
Wake, and see how far around,
Cynthia's yellow radiance streams.

Wake, and hear the nightingale,
Her soft strains in sorrow steep;
Whilst, in pity to her tale,
Round her bow'r the night winds weep.

Does my lover linger still?
Still, when round our walk so fair,
Seraphs smite their lyres, and fill
With soft melody the air!

And the zephyr steals the breath
Of the ev'ning primrose flow'r,
That bestrews the lovers' path,
And that gems the lovers' bow'r.

But if, pierc'd by Sorrow's dart,
Thou hast felt thy reason fly,
And in bitterness of heart,
Laid thee down, my love, to die;

Nor has death refus'd to steep
In the balm of peace thy breast,
O, unbroken be thy sleep,
And soft be thy bed of rest!

O! how pleasing is repose,
To the heart that ceaseless mourns!
Anna too her eyes will close,
For her brain—it burns!—it burns!

The end of sorrow is rest.

Sad she spoke, and sad she prest
His cold turf, by sorrow driv'n;
Alas! the mildews bath'd her breast,
And the mourner woke in heav'n!

THE VILLAIN,—MAN.

SPOKEN BY A MOTHER TO HER INFANT DAUGHTER.

1

THY rest is mild, my darling child,
Thy visions bright, thy pillow smooth,
And sweet the smile, that plays the while,
And dimples round thy coral mouth.
But not so mild, my darling child,
Will be thy rest—it never can!
If e'er you prove, like me, the love,
And friendships of the villain,—Man!

2

Yet be thy rest, thy visions blest,
Blest, though with grief I sigh sincere;
Though oft these sighs for thee arise,
Oft mingles with thy milk a tear.

Man smiles but to betray.

Oh could my breast thy bed of rest
For ever be, that I might fan
In thine, those fires that heav'n inspires,
And shield thee from the villain,—Man!

3

It makes me sigh, to think that I
Could once have slept as sound as thee,
And sadly weep, to think *that* sleep
Shall never more my portion be.
To win my love thy father strove,
And veil'd with seeming truth his plan;
But, ah! betray'd, a witless maid——
The villain! oh the villain,—Man!

4

And thus with art, child of my heart!
Will he diffuse the lying smile,
And call each prayer, the gods to hear,
And thy unpractis'd heart beguile.

The refuge of innocence lies only in flight.

Wait not to prove, child of my love!
Wait not his proffer'd vows to scan;
Be thine to fly, or you will sigh,
And curse, like me, the villain,—Man!

5

To deserts wild, my darling child!
Be thine with innocence to fly;
And like the buds that gem the woods,
Bloom only to the vernal sky.
Soft ling'ring there, with tender care,
Thy mother's spirit oft shall fan
Those holy fires, that heaven inspires,
And guard thee from the villain,—Man!

ADVERTISEMENT.

The affecting incident on which this poem is founded, is as follows: A lady of the name of Helen Irvine, or Bell, (for this is disputed by the two clans), daughter of the Laird of Kirconnel in Dumfries-shire, and celebrated for her beauty, was beloved by two gentlemen in the neighbourhood. The name of the favoured suitor was Adam Fleming of Kirkpatrick, that of the other has escaped tradition, though it has been alleged that he was a Bell of Blacket-house. The addresses of the latter were, however, favoured by the friends of the lady, and Fleming and the fair Helen were therefore obliged to meet in secret, and by night, in the churchyard of Kirconnel, a romantic spot, surrounded by the river Kirtle. During one of those private interviews, the jealous and despised lover suddenly appeared on the opposite bank of the stream, and levelled his carabine at the breast of his rival, Helen threw herself before her lover, received in her bosom the bullet, and died in his arms. A desperate and mortal combat between Fleming and the murderer ensued, in which the latter was cut to pieces; other accounts say, that Fleming pursued his enemy to Spain, and slew him in the streets of Madrid; and that he afterwards served with distinction in the Portuguese wars, from whence he returned to his native country disguised as a pilgrim, visited the grave of his beloved Helen, and died on the spot. The grave of the lovers is yet shown in the churchyard of Kirconnel, near Sprinkell. Upon the tomb-stone can still be read, "*Hic jacet Adamus Fleming*," a cross and a sword are sculptured on the stone.

See the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.

LAMENT OF ADAM FLEMING

FOR

HELEN IRVINE.

THOUGH Helen's bed is icy cold,
And clos'd in death are Helen's eyes,
Though there no blossom'd buds unfold,
Their op'ning sweets to vernal skies,
"I wish I were where Helen lies;"
The holy, the eternal calm,
Unbroke by tears, unbroke by sighs,
Would steep my wounded heart in balm.

For, ah! I tread life's thorny way,
A pilgrim sad with weary feet;
Bereft of hope, and far away,
The angel, Peace, with aspect sweet.

Love inextinguishable.

Oh whither shall I turn to meet
That rest which would each pang allay?
"To Helen in her winding sheet,"
Methinks I hear her spirit say.

Departed Excellence! I come,
From fields of glory, where the brave
Have twin'd the wreath of endless bloom,
And round my temples bade it wave;
I come to cast it on thy grave,
And all my soul in sighs to breathe;
To mourn the wound that treach'ry gave,
And sleep with thee the sleep of death.

What though thy cheek, erewhile so red,
Retains no more the bloom of youth?
What though the worm now makes its bed
And riots on thy rosy mouth?

Death incapable of destroying a rooted affection.

I'll think upon thy matchless truth;
I'll think too, how thou diedst for me;
Call on thy name in accents smooth,
Then sleep the sleep of death with thee.

LAURA'S GRAVE.

Why thus to yonder gloomy vale
My frequent foot would sorrow guide,
Where oft is heard the nightly wail,
And oft the ghost is seen to glide?

Oh whence this tear that dims mine eye?
Why is my breast in gloom array'd?
And whence th' involuntary sigh
My sadly-pensive heart betray'd?

No more I rove where beauty strays;
No more the thoughts of pleasure warm;
No more the rural sports can please;
And, ah! no more my pipe can charm.

Recollection of past happiness.

Once I could join the cheerful throng,
That sportive round the May-pole move;
Once I could sing their happy song,
And bless the blandishments of love.

'Twas rapture, oh 'twas purest joy!
When by the stream I sat and sung,
My lovely Laura, smiling by,
My pipe with fragrant flow'rets hung.

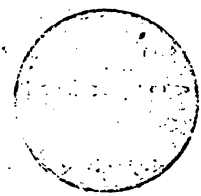
But, ah! those days are ever fled!
No smile sits soft on Laura's cheek!
She sleeps among the silent dead,
And sad her early grave I seek.

All where th' unequal breezes sigh,
Soft pleasing in the olive shade,
There does my lovely Laura lie,
The wild flowers blooming round her head.

A tribute to the dead.

O leave, fair maids, the flowery waste,
O leave the fond enraptur'd grove!
And, O ye swains, supremely blest,
Awhile forego the task of Love;

And o'er my Laura's lone abode,
Th' unfading rose of Eden strew:
Light be your step, and bathe the sod
In Pity's, in Affection's dew.



VERSES,

WRITTEN IN A GARDEN AT HAMPSTEAD.

REAR, proudly rear, thy woodbine bowers,
And bid thy palm-tree's shade expand,
And boast thy walks of fairest flowers,
Thou loveliest haunt of fairyland!

Where, studious, oft the muse retreats,
And strays thy flowery tribes among,
And twines her wreath of blooming sweets,
And fondly pours her deathless song.

The visitant, though fate compel
Thy lov'd abode to leave behind,
On thee shall bid fond fancy dwell,
And oft those moments call to mind;

Hospitality.

When friendship banish'd every woe
That prey'd upon his heart erewhile,
And Pleasure bade her carols flow,
And beauty smil'd as angels smile!

Rear, proudly rear, thy woodbine bowers,
And bid thy palm-tree's shade expand,
And boast thy walks of fairest flowers,
Thou loveliest haunt of fairyland!

COLINETTE.

Who of the daughters of the plain,
With lovely Colinette could vie?
The bloom of youth was on her cheek,
The young Loves wanton'd in her eye.

Enamour'd of her various charms,
The dimpl'd cheek of roseate hue,
The waving locks, and bosom bare,
The eye voluptuous, humid, blue;

To win her heart the shepherds strove,
With many a vow, and many a prayer,
And sigh'd their secret souls away,
And inly nurs'd consuming care.

Un coup de grille.

At last Alexis saw, and lov'd—
Alexis was as fair a boy
As ever caught a maiden's glance,
Or made her bosom throb with joy.

He woo'd her not with sighs and tears,
He did not sit him down to fret,
He only did *a little more*,
And won the lovely Colinette.

WARRE SONGE.

THE TAKINGE OF JERUSALEME BY THE CRUSADERRES.

Yonne armedde trainne, on Bethleheme's plainne,
O redde, redde ys their pathe,
The sonne arose onne the conflict of foes,
Ande hee shalle goe downe onne their wrathe.

O! who shalle join in the dreadfulle line,
That bathe their steppes in bloode?
Alle shalle join in the dreadfulle line,
For the cause ys the cause of Godde.

Lette the infidel bands, out-numberinge the sandes,
Wyth their banners cloudde the skie,
Fearre not their host, by the Holie Ghost,
The enemie shalle die!

The triumph of the Christians.

Ande the fowls that flie through the murkie skie,
Shalle bee gorg'd wyth the Heathen deadde;
Ande the Crescent shalle falle from the rampart-walle
Ande the Redde-Crosse shalle wave yn ytts steadde.

Thenne lift, yee brave, fearlesse, the glaive
Redde wyth the Curdman's bloodde,
Ande swearre to stande for the holie lande,
Yourre Savior, ande yourre Godde.

SONGS,

ENGLISH AND SCOTCH.

SONG TO MISS B——.

O WILT thou leave thy native isle,
A mother's love, a mother's care,
Maid of the rosy-dimpling smile,
The eye so bright, and locks so fair!
And fly to Indian worlds with me,
Amid those splendid climes to rove
Beyond the rudely rolling sea,
And bless me with thy looks of love.

There, Nature spreads o'er all the plain,
Her mantle of eternal green,
And there, dy'd in ethereal grain,
The blue liana paints the scene.
Maid with the charms of magic power,
O! fly with me their sweets to prove,
And thou shalt be the fairest flower,
That blossoms in the Land of Love!

SOUR GRAPES.

In yonder grove, at close of even,
And kneeling there at Virtue's shrine,
How often hast thou vow'd to heaven,
That thou, my Mary, shouldst be mine?
Yet hast thou all those vows bely'd,
And scorn'd 'mid Nature's walks to tarry,
And hast become another's bride,
My only love, my dearest Mary!

But go—though fair as fair can be,
And form'd soft raptures to impart:
That breast shall ne'er be prest by me,
Whose tenant is the venal heart;
Go, Mary, go, in splendour live,
Since true love cannot make thee tarry:
I may forego, I may forgive,
But never shall forget thee, Mary!

LUCY'S LAMENT.

ERE Henry embark'd on the blue waves of ocean,
Inflam'd by vain day-dreams of wealth and renown,
He sunk on my breast, that beat high with emotion,
And said, while he kiss'd the salt tears that roll'd down,
"O weep not my Lucy, although we must part,
For we part but to meet in soft transports again,
When the spring-time that wakes young delight in the heart,
Shall bring thy fond Henry along in its train."

Already the wide-wasting tempests are over,
That blasted the year, and embroil'd the deep main,
The spring-time returns—yet returns not my lover,
And Lucy laments, but laments it in vain.
O Henry, no more the cold blasts of the north
Blow bleak from the mountains, and ravage our grove,
But sweet 'neath the hawthorn the primrose peeps forth,
And birds in the covert are telling their love.

Impatience,

Then haste thee, dear youth, from yon wide waste of waters
And fly to our vale, on the zephyr's swift wing,
Where Flora o'er all the green carpet now scatters
Her earliest sweets in the breezes of spring;
Where nothing in nature my heart ever cheers,
That thinks of my Henry, and flies from delight:
O swift be thy speed, to dispel my dark fears,
As the rising sun chaces the shadows of night!

SONG.

1

THOUGH 'mid the festive circle, gay,
You see me move in frolic measure;
Mark on my cheek, in purple play,
The bloom of youth and smile of pleasure;

2

Ah! think not I am free from care,
But think how hard it is to cover
With smiles, the anguish of despair;
And pity an unhappy lover.

SONG.

ON THE THREATENED INVASION.

O never shall a foreign foe,
Isle of the brave, thy rights destroy;
Though men should meditate the blow,
And fiends their damned arts employ.

For, guardians of thy spotless fame,
To thee the King of Kings has given
The rapid lightning's vengeful flame,
The awful thunderbolt of heaven.

Should Gallic legions e'er invade,
And recreant-like thy sons retire,
Then shall the graves give up their dead,
To form for thee a wall of fire!

Intrepidity.

Fear, Albion, fear no tyrants pow'r,
On thee the God of hosts shall smile;
Thy martial spirit rouse once more,
And guard thy highly favour'd isle.

For never shall a foreign foe,
Land of the brave, thy rights invade;
Though men should meditate the blow,
And fiends the damned plan should aid.

SANG.

Thy locks descend in ringlets sleek,
An' tempting ripe thy cherry mou',
An' red an' rosy is thy cheek,
An' snawy white thy bosom's hue.

I love to gaze upon thy face,
An' while my throbbin' pulse beats high,
I think—sic are the angel-race,
That hymn their God ayont the sky.

But when I think thou ne'er shalt be
The solace o' my bosom's pain,
My soul is lost in agony,
An' madness whirls my phrenzied brain.

To you, ye powers, my wish is sent,
That mak' the lovers sighs your care!
O hear my aft-repeated plaint,
O hear my Mary's secret prayer.

SANG.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

O LASSIE, come and live wi' me,
And bless wi' smiles o' love the hallan,
Whar' woodbine an' the hawthorn-tree
Combine to shade yon wild-wood dwallin';
The river winds an' wimples near,
The daisy springs its banks adornin';
And there the mavis warbles clear,
At settin' day an' peep o' mornin'.

We'll live a life o' pleasure there:
By sunny brae or scented briery,
The primrose path o' dalliance fair
We'll tread, gin ye wad be my dearie.
And when the fadin' lines o' light
Shall warn us hame, our steps to measure,
The torch o' Hymen, burning bright,
Shall guide us to new scenes o' pleasure.

SANG.

As Fortha's gay green banks I tread,
Whar', scatter'd by the youthfu' spring,
Ilk blooming flow'ret lifts its head,
That scents the saft wind's playfu' wing;
I mark the daisy drink the dew,
Its golden cup the gowan spread,
And hear, upborne to eather blue,
The lav'rock warbling leave the shade.

But a' this pomp o' fairest flowers,
Still burstin' beauteous on the e'e,
That spring in gay profusion pours,
To my sad heart nae joy can gi'e;
Nor can these notes that wildly flow,
And on my ear sae saftly fa',
Ae moment steal me frae my woe,
Ae moment drive my grief awa'.

Incontinence.

For he, wi' whom I aft ha'e stray'd
Along these banks sae gaily green,
When spring wi' flowers the sod array'd,
An' lent enchantment to the scene,
Has left these shaws and sunny knows,
An' fairy fields—belov'd in vain!—
Has prov'd a traitor to his vows,
An' left me lanely to complain.

se Hamilton's splendid collection of Scotch songs, accompanied with appropriate music.

SANG.

WHAR' Esk its silver current leads,
'Mang greenwoods, gay wi' many a flower,
I hied me aft to dewy meads,
In happier days, an' built my bower.

I called upon the birds to sing,
An' nestle 'mang each fragrant flower,
While in the livery o' spring
I rob'd my sweet sequester'd bower.

'Twas there I found, ah, happy time!
The sweetest flower, an' sic a flower!
I cropt it in its virgin prime,
To deck my sweet, my shady bower.

But soon the blast howl'd i' the air,
That robb'd me o' this matchless flower,
And sorrow since, and many a care,
Ha'e stripp'd an' wither'd a' my bower.

SANG.

THE SCOTTISH EXILE.

LANG lost to joy, which early pain
Within my breast forbade to blossom;
An' weel convinc'd that ne'er again
The fugitive shall bless my bosom;
O can you wonder, wonder sae,
My brow, deep mark'd wi' many a furrow,
Should aft be clouded by my wae,
An' steepit in the dews o' Sorrow.

Oh! say, did e'er a virtuous love
Enflame thy soul wi' all its charms?
An' did the object yielding prove?
An' did she bless thy raptur'd arms?
Or, hast thou on thy native plain
Thy morn o' life enamour'd past,
Wi' souls congenial to thy ain,
An' thought the fairy scene would last;

Affliction.

But felt Misfortune's hand severe
O'ercast the dawn wi' black array,
Lay cald in dust all ye held dear,
An' chace thee frae those walks away?
O, if sic grief thy breast ha'e torn,
An' thine nae hope beyond to-morrow,
Thou wilt not wonder I should mourn,
Whase lot has been sic weight o' sorrow.

THE END.

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